Qu. O thou wel skild in curſes, ſtaie a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Qu, Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the nights, and faſt the daies,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, wil teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dul, O quicken them with thine,
Q. Mar. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.
Du. Why ſhould calamitie be ful of words? *Exit Mar.*
Qu. Windie attturnies to your Client woes,
Aerie ſucceeders of intereſtate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at al, yet do they eaſe the hart.
Duch. If ſo, then be not too long-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words lets ſmother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſweet ſons ſmotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter K. Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From al the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hidſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tel me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
King A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I ſaie. *The trumpets*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,

Or with the clamorus report
Thus will I drowne your exc
Du. Art thou my ſon?
King. I, I thanke God, m
Du. Then patiently here
King. Madam I haue a t
Which cannot brooke the a
Du. I will be mild and g
King. And briefe good m
Du. Art thou ſo haſtie I
God knowes in anguiſh, pai
King. And came I not at
Du. No by the holie roo
Thou camſt on earth to mak
A greuous burthen was thy
Techie and waiward was th
Thy ſchoole-daies frightful,
Thy prime of manhood, dari
Thy age confirmed, proud,
What comfortable houre ca
That euer grac't me in thy c
King. Faith none but Hu
To breake faſt once forth of
If I be ſo diſgracious in your
Let me march on, and not of
Du. O heare me ſpeake
King. Come, come, you
Du. Either thou wilt die
Eeare from this war thou tur
Or I with griefe and extream
And neuer looke vpon thy fa
Therefore take with thee my
Which in the daie of battaile
Then all the compleat armo
My praiers on the aduerſe pa
And there the little ſoules of
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine e
And promiſe them ſucceſſe a

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